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THE LEHIGH BURR.

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EDITORIAL.

WHILE it is rather early to mention base-ball, still we believe that we may speak of a certain thing in connection with base-ball that will be pertinent and to the point. Every year there are a number of good base-base players who are kept from playing on account of work, having conditions, and having theses to work up. Last year there were a number of good players in college who were barred from playing on the team on account of the above facts. In order to overcome these obstacles, let every man who intends trying for the base-ball nine next Spring work hard at the present time, and not get conditioned in any examinations in December. Let the Seniors work on their theses during the vacation, and let every base-ball candidate return to college with everything in shipshape order, and not be compelled to keep off the diamond on account of back work. Lehigh has bright prospects for a good nine next Spring. There are plenty of good ball players in college, and we have a good man as captain. Let everyone do his best to place a good ball nine on the diamond next Spring.

WE have not as yet received an answer from every fraternity chapter to whom we have sent our circular letter concerning the settlement of the question of "fraternity night," but the replies which have come to our

hands being of such an encouraging nature, we think it well to expedite matters, and consequently we announce that we have appointed Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, '95, to call the meeting of the fraternities, and in his hands we now place the affair. The time and place of the meeting, as arranged by him, when all the chapters have been heard from, will be posted on the bulletin board of THE BURR, and the chapters shall be notified by mail.

All that now remains to be done, is to carry out the plan as it has been laid out by THE BURR. Let the meeting be speedily called, and let the decision be made, and it shall be highly gratifying to us if this important move shall be crowned with success. The situation, the circumstances attending this coming action of the student-body, are important enough to be dignified by the name of a crisis. There is much good to be gained or much to be lost, and the outcome rests upon the shoulders of the fraternities. We have brought the affair to this pass, and if future developments shall bring the consummation of our hopes, we shall rejoice in the good that has been done for the University, for that has always been the end and aim of THE BURR since its foundation.

WE have often wondered whether there can possibly be any philosophy in the mental attitude sustained by all college

students towards their faculties. It would at least be an interesting thing to discover, and as a result we could, perhaps, improve upon our disposition in the matter. He would be a benefactor to his race, who could point out to us the cause of our seemingly innate tendency to look upon our educational directors as our natural-born enemies, and as fit subjects for insane asylums. Individually the members of a faculty appear, in general, to the student as well disposed and rational human beings; but collectively they are imbecile tyrants, whose mandates are to be submitted to with much gnashing of teeth. Now, whatever may be the cause of this feeling, common sense ought to teach us its folly. It is, to say the least, irrational in us to feel that we must always be on the defensive against the Faculty. That the men whom, as private individuals, we know to be preëminently kind and considerate, should, in their official capacity, lay dark plots for our misery, seems hardly probable. It is, moreover, quite possible that men chosen as professors or as instructors, are possessed

of more than a modicum of sense. It is but common justice, then, that we should give them credit for it. When we can not see the wisdom of their motives, we might call into service that old-fashioned article—faith, and put that faith in the superior judgment of those older and, presumably, wiser than we. It is a relic of youthful conceit which, as college students, we ought to have outgrown,—this idea that our elders never by any possibility attain to our superior powers of discretion. Instead of regarding every mandate of the Faculty as a dynamite bomb flung at us for our destruction, or a silly vagary, which it is our manifest duty to frown upon, it might be as well if we should look upon their decisions with the view of possibly discovering some good in them. It is unworthy of college men—it is beneath the dignity of intelligent beings—to be continually growling at that which, if we would stop to reason about it, we would recognize as wisely and discreetly done.

TO MY PIPE.

I SMOKE my pipe.
 What else has e'er such comfort lent?
 Or been so permanent a friend?
 Of other friends some leave, some die,
 But my good pipe is always nigh,
 In sorrow or in merriment.

Some like cigars from Cuba sent,
 And some, I know, are quite content
 With milder cigarettes; but I—
 I smoke my pipe.

Let others their impatience vent,
 In wrathful words, with violence blent;
 When troubles come and trifles try,
 I do not vainly rage and sigh;
 But, filling it with "Honey Scent,"
 I smoke my pipe.

H.



THE SEARCH FOR A HALO.

THE shadow of the Storm King stretched across the placid river and then far away to the East. The sun was three hours past its noon-day splendor, and we were there high above the water gazing over the glorious landscape. Now a flock of birds fly over our heads toward their nests in the pines on the mountain's summit. They encircle the peak in graceful array and are lost to view behind the frowning hill, which stands sentinel at the bend in the river. Then we notice a farmer and his good wife driving their team of oxen along the dusty road away off yonder on the horizon. It must be miles away, for they appear as specks passing down between the hedges which cut off the fields from the highway. Those fields; what beauty there is in them as the gentle breezes play with the ripened wheat, until it looks like some vast sea rolling away in capless billows in answer to a hidden power. Then up and down the wide stream ply boats: big boats and little boats, and some that are neither big nor little. Such were the diversities of the prospect as we sat there on the edge of a cliff on that July afternoon, just she and I. The mountain piercing the very heavens made us sad, the deep-flowing river made us thoughtful and the rich farm lands, spreading for miles away in the distance, made us talkative. She and I did we say? I don't count, but Elsie—she does count. Passing fair, of course; perhaps more than passing fair. A rich color that came and was gone in a twinkling, just like some mischievous sprite. I wonder whether she knew it? Hair and eyes she had of course. Great big eyes too, and

like her hair, rich as those of a Spanish damozel. The hair ran back in waves from the middle of her forehead, the plan was well enough defined had it not been for the finer threads which rebelliously refused to lie in any order. Altogether it was a pretty head of hair. But the eyes—we must not slight them. The color does not matter. Dark blue if you like; sky blue if you like. It was the setting, it was the slight droop of the lids and the depth. Why, it seemed as if you could look clear through them and then a thousand miles beyond. The mouth—such beauty and strength combined. No huntsman drew a bow with finer lines. The head had such a jaunty, spry, dare-devil sort of a poise on the shoulders. What a carriage! When she walked abroad the people seemed to stand still and I thought I could hear cries of "Vive l'Empératrice." She could follow the hounds with the best of them. She could sing like an angel. Report had it that down at the Mission School all the hardened rounders of the neighborhood used to drop in of a Sunday afternoon to hear her chant an anthem, because they could easily cry a bit and that made them feel better. Why, even the girls liked her. I mean just tried to like her: they could not help it. She just bubbled over with fun and tricks at a house party. If you played cards until a late hour you were sure to hear your alarm clock ring out at four in the morning, and would feel *almost* sure that you heard someone laughing at the same time way off in one of the other wings of the house. Elsie was always supposed to be the author of these

tricks. And the men liked her too. Did they like her better than other girls? Well, maybe not. Yes, they did too—for I know one that did—did?—does.

Well, we were sitting there, Elsie and I, on that July afternoon, and there was a mountain and a river and a hundred fields in sight. We talked first about other people, and then about ourselves. We talked of the present, of the future, and then of the past. We were children again, Elsie and I. We were bad children. I was out "doing up" the biggest boy on the block, and Elsie doing something I guess a trifle worse. And then our talk rambled on into the more recent past. We seemed to grow nearer each other by rapid strides. I could have told her anything, because she seemed so awfully near to me, and must know everything about me without the telling of it. We spoke of our great mistakes, our horrible, irremediable mistakes in life. I almost pitied her as she told of all that she had planned to do, and then what was written in the great books as accomplished. But as she spoke a new light came over her. Her eyes flashed, the glow left her delicate cheeks, she breathed heavily, and her whole being, as I had known, seemed merged into another self. All her color vanished, and she seemed to be suffused in a pale, white light, such as I had never seen before. I called to mind the great women of the past who excelled in beauty, in art, in literature, in the hunt. For it appeared that she had been transformed, that another soul long since

passed away was speaking with Elsie's lips. When her eyes flashed, I said "Diana hunts." When they softened, I said "Cleopatra waits upon her Antony." When she looked up to heaven, I said "La Pucille d'Orleans converses with her Maker." When her gaze wandered far away, it was "The Queen of the Scots foresees her doom." It was as if I was worshipping at the shrine of the ages. And as I watched, trembling, lest my idol escape, a halo formed around her head. It became silvery white, her whole being shone with the beautiful light, and then in an instant the whole thing vanished. Elsie kicked a pebble so that it rolled down the mountain side, and then with a merry, cutting laugh, followed in hot pursuit. She was gone.

Now, was that Elsie? I have sought the answer high and low. I have searched in vain for the halo. Whoever the creature was, she will not come back. And if it was not Elsie, who was it? It was Elsie, and yet not Elsie. It was Elsie's second, her natural self.

"It was a self deep hid beneath the self that we ordinarily accept even when in solitude as our own. A self asserting its right to sovereignty and putting out the other self, as the sun puts out a star. Where is that innermost self so deep down, so deep; and yet when it does come forth so much higher, higher, immeasurably higher than one's everyday self? It does not tame the butterflies—it longs to get to the stars. And then—and then—ah, how soon it fades back again."

THE GREEN DRINK.

WAITER, some absinthe in the goblet. You say you have never drank any, and yet imagine that you have sipped of life's brimming chalice, as the poet would say.

Absinthe! Absinthe! Beautiful absinthe! Man's best friend and most deadly foe. See! Only a fluid of a green color; but what dreams, what pictures are concealed within it. Drink,

and your hovel becomes a palace; drink, and you become a prince. Men may sing of the beauties of friendship. What friend can drive despair from us, can make up for lost ambition, can bring back a lost love? Absinthe has done more for me, it has made my life one vision of surpassing loveliness.

Yes, it is true I am an absinthe fiend. The

liquor has seized me, wound itself around me, killed ambition, drowned hope, but what care I? Has it not also subdued despair, and hunger, and cold? More, it has given me dreams; dreams that no mortal can fitly describe.

Sometimes I am with Samson and Delilah, and hear her entreaties, and see him yield again and again. Notwithstanding his strength, what a simple old fool he was. With the next glass the scene changes and I am with Cleopatra, hearing the sweet, soft tones of the music, drinking of wines that seem the nectar of the gods. I look into the liquid depths of her eyes and believe that the light shining there is kindled by me, by my presence; feel her heated breath on my cheek, the charm of her dark, Egyptian beauty comes over me, and I marvel not that Cæsar and Antony were among her worshippers.

Then the next picture comes. I see myself in the pride of my manhood, beloved, and about to make a name in the world of art. Long months of hard work in the studio of a Paris artist are brightened by letters from her. Several weeks pass and no word, a month, and, finally, one day the tidings come. I recognize the handwriting and put the precious communication away in my pocket. All day I gloat over the pleasure in store for me. From time to time I put my hand in to feel if it is still there. After dinner I open it, to find—a wedding invitation. She is to marry another man. I drink hard and fast; these recollections are not agreeable.

Pardon me, do I wander? Yes, this is the Café Rouge. Rouge, that means red; red like blood, red like the flames in hell. When I first started this life, remorse came every morning. I would decide that evening to close my windows, light my charcoal fire, and pass into oblivion. The thought would come, however, that in hell there would be no absinthe, therefore no joys for me. Ridiculous fancies, were they not? The drink affected me more at that time; I think I was half

crazy. All such ideas have passed. Why should I kill myself? I do no harm and am happier than ever before in my life. Excepting the absinthe is bad sometimes. I wish Monsieur Joquin would not change, the last was much better than this.

I believe they do call this a *café chantant*. You see that little girl over there at the piano; she plays for the singers. She is gradually getting to love the green drink as I do. She comes in tired and overworked; at the third glass her eyes begin to brighten, her color comes, her face loses that pinched look, and the street song she is playing seems to her the music of the spheres. Surely, it is but a paltry thing that my master asks for all these pleasures.

There was another man. The green drink killed him. They buried him in the Potter's field on the west side of the city. Sometimes I go out to his grave and put a few flowers on it, just to show that he is not forgotten. It is very funny, but he used to get wild after drinking for a short time. It seems that some man had done him a great injury, and after his fifth glass he imagined that every stranger was this enemy. At last he got so that Monsieur Joquin would not allow him to sit in the public room. Monsieur was right; it was very disagreeable for his customers, and, besides, he used to spoil my dreams.

Strange that I should keep on coming here when I knew that Monsieur Joquin charges me more than he does other people. I suppose it is the hold association has upon me. I used to have the little triangular room, overhead, in the American pension. I would sit on my little balcony and watch the passing people. Now I come in the afternoon and take one of the little tables outside where I can see both streets. Sometimes a company of soldiers will come swinging around the corner. The distance is just right, also, for the music to lose that brassy effect when the band plays in the garden across the way. I sit there and drink and watch the rainbows

form in the spray of the fountain. Later I take this seat. You see it is very comfortable. A fine pad here for your head, and you can see the whole restaurant.

What! not going? Well, I hope I haven't bored you. No, I can never break the habit.

I will sit here and drink and drink until one day they will come to wake me from my dreams and find me dead. They will put me beside the other man, and Monsieur Joquin will use the money he has made off me to buy masses for the repose of his dead wife's soul.

LEHIGH LITHOGRAPHS.

HARD TIMES.

THE fact of the matter was that he was hard up. Hard up wasn't the name for it, for not only had he not a cent, but there was the livery man to be paid for his carriage to the hop, and he had not yet settled for the flowers he had ordered for that occasion; and in the bargain there was the steam laundryman calling on him daily for that bill of \$11.87.

He sat down in his room to think. What was he to do? There was no money coming to him from home, and no one owed him anything. The ten dollars he had lost in poker the Saturday before, would have cut a great figure just at that moment, but some one else was enjoying them. He had sold all his old text-books. He glanced at his shelves and found that he had none left but those in constant use, and those he would never part with.

He thought for a long time. Old clothes! No, he had none. He got up beaming. What was the matter with hocking his dress suit, thought he. He got it out and laid it on the bed, and then he put it away again. He had almost forgotten the invitation to dinner on the following Sunday, which he had accepted. No, that was out of the question. He looked for a moment at some of his other suits, and then gave up that tack.

"Well, I must hock something, that's certain," he told himself. "What shall it be?" and he proceeded to look over his goods and chattels.

There were his instruments. No, he had constant need of them. There was a gold pen, but that wouldn't bring much.

He looked about the room, and a large silver picture frame standing on his bureau, caught his eye. It was solid and heavy, but he dismissed the thought as unworthy. What! sell the frame of *her* picture. Well, he guessed not. But what was there left, he asked himself. His watch!

He thought a long time. It was a gold one, one his father had carried before him. It was a family jewel, an heirloom. But what did that matter to him in his straits? He was in debt and he had to pay. He could soon get it out again, and he could do without it for a time, as he had a clock in his room.

He put his head on his hands, and sat so for some time, until there came a rap at his door.

"Come in," he said, without raising his head.

The door opened, and a man stuck in his head and asked:

"Ees Meester Dornton at home?"

"Thornton's room is on the next floor," was the reply. Then he raised his head. "Why! Hello, Solly. Come in. You are just the person I want to see."

It seemed as though luck would have it that way, and so he was decided.

"I want to put up my watch, Solly," he said. "What will you let me have on it?"

Solly took the time-piece that was put in his hands, and after a careful inspection which satisfied him that it was going, he put it down and said:

"Vhat you want?"

"What'll you give," was the impatient reply.

"Vell, I can gif you tree dollars and a half."

"Three dollars and a half? Why, great Scott, man, I would'nt sell that watch for a hundred."

This was too much. His indignation made him forget all about the debts, and he snatched his watch from Solly's hands and put it in his pocket with an angry gesture.

Solly looked at him.

"Haven't you got no old clo'es?" he asked.

"No! I haven't. Good evening. Get out," came the sharp answer and Solly went.

Three dollars and a half! For *that* watch. He decided that the whole world was upside down when it put men in such positions. He put on his hat and walked down the street.

"Hello! Where are you going?" he yelled as a fellow he knew hurried by him.

"Up to Allentown. I must catch the next car. Come along."

"I can't, I'm dead broke."

"Oh, that's all right. I can lend you a V. Come on. Hop on the car with me, and we'll have some fun. One of Frohman's troupes is up there tonight. Come on, I have some money. My check just came. How much do you want?"

"All right, I'll go. There's the car," and a few minutes later the unfortunate debtor and his friend were spinning away westward on the belt line, leaving all thoughts of trouble behind them.

COLLEGE NOTES.

—There are chapters of twenty-seven fraternities at Cornell.

—Yale is said to have lost about \$1,000 on her Oxford trip.

—Brown University held its annual field day last Tuesday.

—One-fourth the number of students at the University of Berlin are Americans.

—In the Harvard-Cornell game Ohl made 27 kicks, C. Brewer 20, and Wrightington 4.

—Upton, of Harvard, has been engaged to coach the Phillips Andover Academy team.

—The faculty at Amherst have decided that there shall be no more Freshman athletic teams.

—The register of the Yale Law School shows 200 students, an increase of twelve over last year.

—William M. Singlerly has presented \$10,000 to the U. of Pa. to be used in the erection of new dormitories. Another gift of \$10,000 was received a few weeks ago.

—Of the nine candidates successful in the late examination in art, theory and history of teaching, at the London University, eight are women.

—It has been finally decided that the West Point and Annapolis elevens will not meet this year.

—A new rule has gone into effect at Williams, requiring attendance at 90 per cent. of the college exercises.

—Harper's are going to publish shortly a new book by Walter Camp, entitled "Football Facts and Figures."

—A new edition of "The Scientific and Practical Treatise on American Foot-ball" has appeared, revised up to date.

—Ground has been broken for a new students' hall at U. of P., to contain a gymnasium, auditorium, and Y. M. C. A.

—The Harvard 'Varsity crew will continue rowing on the Charles until November, when the squad will be put on the rowing machines.

—The annual inter-collegiate debate between Cornell and U. of Pa. will take place at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia on March 8th next.

—One hundred and twenty-five preparatory schools are represented in the academic freshman class at Yale. Of these schools, Andover sends fifty-one.



THE GOSSIP.

MAYBE foot ball isn't attracting the attention of the sporting editors of the large city papers. Every day the sporting page of the city papers gives considerable of its space to the latest doings of the college teams. The Gossip reads these accounts with a great deal of interest, and is glad to see that the game is receiving such general recognition. Foot-ball is a grand game and has certainly taken a great hold on the general public. It is such an interesting game to watch, too. There is no finer sight than to watch the annual Thanksgiving day game between Princeton and Lehigh. Oh, I beg pardon, I mean Princeton and Yale. Here one sees a sight that is simply grand and makes the Gossip wish he were a foot-ball player too. Foot-ball certainly is king of all the college games.

* * *

Gossip chanced to look over the vaporings of the gentleman that edits the sporting news of *Town Topics* and discovered that "the Lehigh rooters claimed a touch-down in the game with Princeton." It was rather a surprise to him to find that we were rooters. He had fondly believed that we were college men, cheering our team on to a possible victory. However, our Town Topical friend seems to imagine that we are a set of race track touts, or as he terms us, "rooters." There would be rather a sting in this if we did not consider the source. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

* * *

If the "powers that be" were to attend to all the suggestions made in the various papers, what an Eden we would have. Realizing the number, it is with fear that Gossip brings for-

ward this one. In fact, the winter suits that will be saved from partial destruction, if it is followed, alone give him courage to speak on the subject. Every man that has had occasion to travel the road from the electrical laboratory has noticed its deplorable condition just after a rain. When the frost sets in, the alternate freezing and thawing will make the whole course one mass of mud. Gossip hates to think of its condition when the snow comes. Would it not be possible to have some sort of a sectional board-walk laid so as to obviate this difficulty. However, nothing will probably be done, and the men will plow their way through the mud and slush as of yore.

* * *

The walks of the college campus are quite innocent, though muddy enough looking affairs, especially in front of the library. Every one admits that, but the Gossip wonders if they have ever noticed how indicative of human character they are, especially where one walk meets another. Observe two students walking through the campus. They move along quite complacently until they come to one of those harmless-looking intersections that eventually lead to the same destination. Here there is trouble. One student starts one way, his companion the other, then there is a momentary stoppage, and each reverses his steps, another momentary pause, and they come to a full stop. There is a short discussion, and then agreeing on their course, they go on. Both of these men are to a certain extent weak-minded. Each has a will of his own at first, which he yields to the other.

Place another man in such a position, however, one who is accustomed to think quickly and who has his ideas well defined. When

he comes to such an intersection he steps briskly off on the way he has decided. His companion invariably follows him without a question. Neither of them may have been conscious of any undue exertion of power on the part of one and yielding on the part of the other, but there was in that simple action, the triumph of one will over another.

* * *

The Gossip has been glad to notice the decided step lately taken towards the formation of an inter-fraternity foot-ball league. The want of such an organization has long been felt by the University, but it was not until very recently that a move in this direction was made. The benefits arising from such a league are perfectly obvious to anyone who will give the matter a moment's thought. The various contests would offer an opportunity to all the members of the league to indulge in a

favorite pastime, besides affording the means for developing new material for the 'Varsity.

Plans could be made and a schedule of games arranged for those days when the 'Varsity is away from home. A nominal admission fee could be charged in order to defray any expense, and also to procure a trophy for the victorious team. This plan has been tried before at other universities and has met with marked success. It is to be hoped that the league will be speedily formed, and that it will receive the hearty support of all the fraternities.

By such means only can we ever hope to develop and furnish the new material of which our 'Varsity team stands so much in need. The college has a reputation in foot-ball to maintain, and, unless some such move as this is speedily made, our team will be worthless and our reputation lost.

RECORD OF EVENTS,

- Oct. 17. Junior Mechanicals make trip to Thomas Iron Works, Hokendauqua. Foot-Ball, U. of P. defeats Lehigh at Philadelphia (30-0). Junior Electricals defeat Senior Mechanicals (6-0).
- Oct. 19. Election of Sophomore Class officers. Result: G. C. White, President; G. T. Yates, Athletic Representative, and H. E. Hale, Foot-Ball Manager.
- Oct. 20. Foot-Ball at South Bethlehem. Lehigh defeats Carlisle Indian School (22-12). Organization of a Chapter of St. Andrew's Brotherhood; N. E. Donnelly, '98, elected Manager, and L. R. Lee, '97, Secretary and Treasurer. Committee on By-laws Dr. Caskey, Hare, '98, and Lee, '97.
- Oct. 23. Freshman Banquet at Hotel Allen, Allentown.
- Oct. 24. Foot-Ball at Princeton. Princeton defeats Lehigh (32-0). Concert of Glee and Banjo Clubs at Mauch Chunk.
- Oct. 27. Foot-Ball at Orange. Orange Athletic Club defeats Lehigh (14-0). Junior Electricals defeated Junior Civils on Athletic grounds. Score, 10-0. Theta Delta Chi Fraternity defeated the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity (14-0).

—Yale Freshmen play Andover at Andover, on November 7.

DE ALUMNIS.

—S. William Brescoe, Special, '95, is with the Pittsburg Reduction Company, Pittsburg, Pa.

—W. P. Cleveland, '90, has a position with the Empire Zinc Company, Joplin, Mo.

—Otto Burkhardt, '88, is with the *Colliery Engineer* Company, Scranton, Pa.

—John M. Beaumont, '92, is superintendent of the Hyde Park Public School, Scranton, Pa.

—F. Fuller, '93, is taking a special course at Cornell.

MY FATE.

A dusky face
And teeth of pearl
In the rush and swirl
Of the market place.

That's all I know,
But if she made sign
With those eyes divine,
I'd surely go. —*Brunonian*.

FLUNKS, THEIR CAUSE.

Quoth the Professor :

"A fool can ask questions

Which a wise man

Can not answer."

Quoth the student :

"I suppose that's the reason

Why so many of us

Flunk, sir."

—*Delaware College Review.*

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→*THE LEHIGH SPOON.*←

*We have just completed a New Spoon for the College.
The bowl is made in the form of a foot-ball, the handle contains a base-ball and bat, rope for tug-of-war, and a pennant in brown enamel with the letters L-e-h-i-g-h brought out in white.
Your inspection is earnestly requested.*

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A PONY.

His Latin and Greek, his French and German
 He came for me to read,
 He gave me his thanks, but never money,
 His readings were *free* indeed.

But I stopped one day, I would do it no longer,
 Because I could plainly see
 As he received from me these free translations,
 He was playing *horse* with me.

—*The Lafayette.*

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